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CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND AN UMBRELLA

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GOOD morning, good morning!" said the little gentleman bobbing and smiling outside the studio door. He had a black, Gampish sort of umbrella folded under his left arm, and another bright and beautifully decorated one open over his head.

"Come in, Mr. Ole Luck Oie," said I. "I knew you at once."

"Speaking of the history of Art in children's books," he began. Then the little gentleman placed the Gampish umbrella in the corner, and seated himself, twirling the other slowly, as the handle of it rested on his shoulder. Close to the inmost circle of its decorations (and that seemed chiefly clouds, and sunlight, and rainbows) were drawings of strange beasts, quite in the modern manner—a bison or some such creature with its hump, a great-horned stag, a father of all the bulls, here and there the conventionalized hint of a man or woman. In the next circle all was dull red, bright brick red, yellow ochre and black, for the marvelous umbrella as it twirled seemed painted in rings, much like the old description of the shield of Achilles. Dreamily I realized that these were the pictures on vases and water jars from Crete, Hellas, and Etruria. Then gold and purple dawned in patches, and a sense of vellum, and tall Byzantine figures, with stiffly folded drapery and enormous eyes.

Green, blue-green, brownish gold, rose and cornelian, and an intricate interweaving of lines, over, under, and swirls, and here and there the sweep of the strangest birds, and monk-headed men, and "Ah ha!" said I, "Celtic ornament!"

Then I really did sit up, for brighter still, with bigger patches of colour, delicious canary-

yellow, orange vermillion, the cool cabbage-green of little fields and trees, sienna-pink of castles and tiny walled towns, all life itself was upon me. But different . . . Oh yes! Not only was it different with the tensing up that all Art gives, the collecting of the significant into one small happy spot, but the time and place were as Other-where as in a Fairy Tale. Little soldiers with rust red jerkins took a tiny town, a small monk sat red-nosed and big-pouched beside a tubby barrel with a spigot, centuries away from the Eighteenth Amendment. Little ladies in blue, in brocade, in sienna-pink and carmine, did slightly tragic, or delightful things.

"I bet that St. Margaret lived around the corner," I chuckled, entering into the artist's life joyfully and without reservation as only a fellow-craftsman can. "Golly! but he made that dragon out of Towser the dog, with a touch of the subdeacon around the jaws! Saints was it, and an eternal illustration of the Bible and the Golden Books? Not much! It was life, just life he was doing. Glorified realism, and, alone, unimportant, unnoticed, limbering up painting for all time to come. Yet, I don't know. There was a breath there, serene and high up, like the sound of a silver bell in a cathedral tower. What a thing it is to have a great text! Something to strain up to. How superbly decorative are the wings of angels! Emerald-green and livid steel for your dragons, and Lord! what a scope for caricature in your devils!"

I like the older stuff better than what is coming now, and yet what blue, and orange, the hotter colours of Italian pottery. The Georgics, and Virgil, and the little terraces and the vines hanging from the pergolas, and the

*Editor's note: Among the books most recently illustrated by Miss MacKinstry are Clement Moore's *NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS*, and *THE WHITE CAT*, by the Countesse d'Aulnoy.

vintagers treading the grapes! What a background vellum makes!

Then came a small, rough wood cut in black and white, of some men turning a printing press. I blinked. All black and white now, and another method. "Just like the outline drawings for the old pictures," I murmured. "Only a thicker line, and all is still Italian. Deuced hard to cut a wood block around those little noses! Venus has a snub, but Oh, my hat! what composition!"

Next, I confess, it was the clouds which struck me. Absurd fluted affairs, with short, horizontal lines behind them, and after that a sharpening of the line, a point at the end of things, a something prickly. "That is the North," said I. "In the northern countries the roofs of the houses slope sharply to let the snow slide down when it is melting. All is darker, blacker . . . a line like a briar. Heavy, too. Yes, it is Germany . . . homely, and home-like, but a feel of the *macabre*. The Knight, Death and The Devil, and the great Melancholia of Durer! No, that was an etching and these are wood cu's, but the spirit of those prints runs through them all. What a great art the technique of the wood cut has developed, and how Rembrandt-like is that pre-occupation with light in the 'Passion' series of Durer. That is the 'Dance of Death' of Holbein . . . and what a multiplicity of Bibles. The same subjects, but without the sun and the saints. They are Bibles now . . . beautiful, thick, darkish, hand-made paper, amusing trees . . . but . . . but . . . It is all growing a little dreary."

The next series impressed me with an overpowering succession of ruffs. Katherine de Medici in a ruff, Henry the Fourth, the Valois, in a ruff, somewhere, somehow, Ben Johnson in much collar, but Shakespeare in a ruff. Everybody in buttons down the front and a ruff.

Again a new technique, the line engraving . . . everything with very straight lines, and all not so black as the wood cut, rather the effect of a darkish grey . . . all a little stiff. Then palaces: Louis the Fourteenth and a palace. A whole world from Southern Germany of parks, and palaces, the Baroque . . . and rather amusing. Yes, a breath of life, and figures from the Italian Comedy. I liked it. But all so grey. Palaces, park and palaces!

Moliere, and figures from the comedies very stiff, these, with the long waists, plumed hats and ribbons of Louis Fourteenth, and then the lighter, lacier things with a something modern in them of the illustrations to the Comedies by Eisen and Fragonard and Bocher. The perfect technique of the line engraving, and

(mercifully) with the Fables of La Fontaine, a few delightful beasts.

"But, Oh, Mr. Luck-Oie!" I wailed, "The color has all gone out of the books. They are perfect . . . for what they are, but no child would ever enjoy them unless driven to it by optical starvation. The colour has all gone out of the books! They aren't amusing!"

"Just wait!" said Mr. Ole Luck-Oie.

A twirl. A picture in colors, and heaven be praised, by some race that still retained the freshness of outlook, the eternal sly, shy humor of the child. It was a group of preternaturally stiff soldiers, with impossible, delightfully impossible, big noses, entering into China and Japan with a toy cannon. And if you peered still further back, or, like a vision hovering above the actual picture, there were stolid Dutch traders, and little pictured interiors of Holland, with here and there a fine, fat, bulgy Chinese vase on a mantle-piece or table. There was the little palace out of all the fairy tales at the Hague, known as "The Little House in the Woods." In it was the famous and adorable Chinese room, papered in white silk upon which were innumerable little Chinese ladies and gentlemen, and butterflies as bright, as delectable as butterflies, and crisp as peonies. The gaiety, the brightness, was an actual relief to the whole nervous system, like that of a day of sun, after weeks of fog and rain.

Then followed, flowing about that marvelous umbrella, a whole series of printed linens, to be used for walls, with patterns from Persia and India as well, and the finest of the patterns were adapted by Oberkampf. There was the delicious set of tapestry, the *Tenture Chinoise*, by Boucher. Gaily, delightfully, the Oriental was on the town. A sharp, crisp outline, clear bright colour.

On the umbrella itself there were books, book designs, of patterns in the new, amusing mode, portfolios of *Chinoiseries*, or *Chineseries*. Boucher was the best, ladies and children, mandarins and landscapes, and cockatoos and parrots suspended in huge, thin hoops. Designs, from Chinese motives, often rather far from Chinese motives, by Huquier, and even by Watteau.

"Delightful!" said I, "and of course the famous Oriental influence, but where do the children come in? Any child on earth would have been enchanted with the illustrations, or the cave-man beasts, and could have passed a fairly happy Sunday with the old wood-cut Bibles, and any boy or girl not struck into dreams by Durer should have an examination

of the imagination at once. But this, all this seems hopelessly grown up. Is there nothing for the children anywhere?"

Around the corner of the umbrella came trotting a white bull, or rather the small, rather detailed wood cut of him trotted around the corner. My attention rivited upon him at once. I have not an adult form of attention! Here *was* something to look at, and to look into. Trees, and a little stream, and a wood with cows galumphing through it. Something, which like the far-off, little towns and landscapes of the illuminations, you could walk into.

"England and Bewick!" said I, "of course!" Then came the Bewick FABLES, in little round ovals included in squares, and I remembered it is said that dear Oliver Goldsmith wrote them.

"The trouble is," said Mr. Goldsmith to Dr. Johnson, "to make the little fishes talk like little fishes."

The great Dr. Johnson rocked, and snorted, and registered derision.

"Dr. Johnson would make his little fishes talk like whales," said Goldsmith slyly, and stated once for all the inner art and perfect rule for children's books, and also the difficulty of it.

Well, these Bewick Fable cuts talked like little fishes. "It is a pretty book and well got up," Miss Bewick would say, adding, "the young people always sought out *that* book before any other in the book-case."¹

And there were other books. Really for all we say to the contrary the children were not so badly off round about the last of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth centuries. There were quaint little pamphlets and booklets, of a few pages, comfy to hold, and bound in delectable crude pink, and green, and robin's egg blue paper covers. If I may be pardoned for saying so, I believe the youngsters got a thrill, a pre-Yellow-Journal thrill from what happened to the bad boy in the stories, and as for the pictures of the bad adventurous being carried off by eagles and burned up by fire . . . Even before that there were broad-sheets, crude and corking woodcuts, roughly colored by hand, and as they flapped swiftly upon the umbrella, I for purely personal reasons, gave a cheer.

Then color began, color for children, color for the child-like. There had been a little book or two, made by the man himself, a madish sort of printer named William Blake. These I had let pass with the sigh you give to falling stars, or any perfect thing.

¹Quoted from the Preface, by Edwin Pearson, to Bewick's SELECT FABLES. London. Bickers and Son, Leicester Square. 1886. Reprint.

But there was other and more rudely popular color in the early nineteenth century prints abroad. Epinal prints from France, a waft of delicious "cut-outs" from Germany, and the never-to-be-sufficiently-praised first Skelt, then Reddington, the Pollock Prints for Toy Theatres. I forget just which they were in the time of Robert Louis Stevenson, but be it known to all concerned that they were a penny plain and twopence colored, and he called the whole glorious effect of the things Skelterie. "What am I?" said he. "What are life, letters, the world, but what my Skelt has made them. He stamped himself upon my immaturity. The world was plain before I knew him, a poor penny world, but soon it was all colored with romance." (And there, by the way, was a man who knew how to praise the books of his childhood.)

Disraeli was evicted from his first boy's school because he would dazzle the hearts of the other boys with these Toy Theatres. Who knows how much Victoria owed of amusement and relief to the man who treated her "not like knows how much Victoria owed of amusement England owed of the magic and the glamour of her Indian Empire to those quaint Toy Theatres?

But now the pictures poured out thick and fast. The art of book illustration had, so to speak, split in half, and I was in full cry after that half included in the children's books. Then about in the fifties or sixties or early seventies, I beheld no less a person than Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, just as you see him in the gravely and immortally and admirably funny pictures of him by Mr. Max Beerbohm. He was conversing with Whistler of willow plates. Japanese umbrellas, Japanese prints. Again the famous Oriental influence was on the town! . . . and Mr. Walter Crane, under its delectable spell, was publishing his children's picture books. More and more swiftly the circle turned, and oh how well I knew them all, from Kate Greenaway, and Caldecott, and the artist's artist Hughes of the BACK OF THE NORTH WIND, up to the days of Rackham of Fairyland, and lastly to the modern American school. The masterly Charles Falls of a perfect ALPHABET, a joyful, gusty James Daugherty, Boris Artzybasheff of the impeccable line, Dorothy Lathrop, Pamela Bianco, Lois Lenski . . . and all those just about to turn the corner tomorrow.

"So you see," said Mr. Ole Luck-Oie, "the history of the illustrated book, including that of the children's half, is long and interesting and very respectable, if I may say so."

Looking up, bewildered I realized that all that I had followed upon the whirling circles was seen in the short space of time which had elapsed between the beginning and the end of that sentence. And again, and 'as always, I wondered in that the things presented to the eye are so much fuller, more vivid, more direct in their impact, than those presented by the medium of words. Perhaps in that lies the real human importance of the statue, the picture, the illustration, which is only after all a picture or a decoration in a book, arising from the text.

As to the children's book, well didn't Stevenson use the expression "stamped upon my immaturity?" Could there be a better plea for its importance? A wiser psychological inference?

"And I am delighted to see that some of the best ones of today are printed in America, printed as well as drawn here," continued the little gentleman. "Anyway, you have a greater

scope in subjects than ever before. Greater than the men and women who came before you. That I do notice. The juveniles," he murmured dreamily, "the juvenile department, how it has widened its scope. Seems to me all my own favorites are in it, too. Yes, indeed — from Hakluyt to Shakespeare. The old ballads, PILGRIM'S PROGRESS, ROBINSON CRUSOE, GULLIVER, ARABIAN NIGHTS, TREASURE ISLAND, down through Alice and the last A. B. C. A vile word, Juvenile. Ought to be called something meaning Childhood, Youth, Poetry, Romance, and Adventure all at once and at the same time. A portmanteau word. Couldn't you call it Young Books? That would include, of course, all the books which are perennially young at heart?"

"Put it up to the librarians, put it up to the librarians!" said I, laughing, as the little gentleman drifted towards the door. "But wherever you go on book business, Mr. Ole Luck-Oie, please take the pictured umbrella!"



Courtesy of Doubleday, Doran

From THE PRINCESS AND THE GOBLIN

By George MacDonald

Illustrated by Elizabeth MacKinstry

KATE GREENAWAY—CHILDREN'S ARTIST

HELEN NEIGHBORS,

*Children's Department, Public Library,
Detroit, Michigan*

WHEREVER is heard the beautiful name of Kate Greenaway, immediately there rise visions of springtime, of fresh English landscapes full of picturesque red-roofed cottages, of daffodils and roses and quaint little boys and girls whose large eyes are wide with childish wonder. For the past fifty years or more these children, among the trimmed box hedges of formal gardens or playing and singing on the green hillsides, have been favorites in the nursery the world over.

Miss Greenaway rightly felt that children most enjoy pictures and stories about other children and her books are filled with lovely interpretations of child life. Because of her very fine understanding of children she was able to make picture books that have been loved and will be loved and appreciated many years hence. They are the embodiment of youth—happy youth, for although Miss Greenaway's children rarely laugh or even smile, they are so full of movement and unconscious joy of childhood that it is impossible to feel those winsome little faces have known infelicity.

Kate Greenaway did not attain one of the foremost places in English art, but she will always be honored as a very original and highly creative artist, whose drawings have gained rare praise for their beautiful sincerity, delicacy, and charm. To her as an illustrator of children's books, the world will ever be grateful. In this field she was a pioneer, almost a revolutionist, one who brought a real feeling for artistic picture books into the home. Together with her two great contemporaries, Walter Crane and Randolph Caldecott, she helped to create standards in the illustration of children's books which fortunately have been so well followed that the child of today has a wonderfully fine heritage.

The Greenaway books are easily available and are still popular, but few people of today have any sort of a mental picture of the artist herself. She was described by her friends as a quiet, dark-haired, rather retiring little lady, humorous, sincere and kind, loyal to her few chosen friends, and filled with an indomitable will to work. Her charming simplicity re-

mained unchanged by the success and popularity of her art. She had the heart of a child and in spite of days of ill-health and discouragement she never lost her passion for work or ceased to thrill with happiness at beauty, and to her the whole world was beautiful. She could never successfully paint anything old or ugly. In a letter to a friend she asks, "Sometimes have I got a defective art faculty that few things are ugly to me?" It is true she was an idealist, one who could not help giving vent to her fancy and poetical imagination. She said of herself that she had been accused of wearing rose-colored spectacles. The story is told that one day while walking



Courtesy of Frederick Warne

From MOTHER GOOSE

By Kate Greenaway

with a friend through wet, miserable London streets on the way to her studio, she said, "Never mind, I shall soon be in the spring." The first flower drawn on her canvas would transport her to another world.

Kate Greenaway was born in London on

March 17, 1846, the second of four children. Although she was a city child, she was fortunate in having many relatives in the country where she visited quite often in her early childhood, thus storing up memories of the beautiful English countryside which later found expression in her pictures. Her father was an engraver, well known by his work for PUNCH and THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS. He, being an artist, did not fail to notice the artistic quality in his daughter's early drawings. By the time she was twelve years old she was sent to an art class where she advanced rapidly and soon her work gave such promise of real ability that it was decided she should take up the profession of art as a career. In 1868, after her student days had ended, a drawing which was being exhibited at the Dudley Gallery attracted the attention of an editor who bought some of her drawings for his magazine. This was her first business connection except through her father. For several years she did free-lance work, mostly the designing of valentines and Christmas cards and the illustrating of fairy stories. In 1879 she formed a business alliance with Mr. Edmund Evans, the engraver, who deserves great credit for his skillful reproduction of the drawings for most of her books.

The quaint costumes she used in her designs were copied from the style of dress worn in the early 1800's, which still survived in the secluded country district where she visited as a child. She took great care when designing these costumes, not merely copying old fashion-plates, but actually making bonnets, frocks, breeches and jackets for her child models in order that she might draw them accurately. When Miss Greenaway first began designing these old-fashioned costumes, children were being dressed in stiff stays and awkward styles that allowed no freedom or grace of movement. Very quickly she discovered that she was creating a vogue and it was not long before mothers began to dress their children in styles copied directly from the Greenaway pictures. This little revolution in the costuming of children could only be taken as a genuine tribute to her work, but not only were her pictures being copied in clothing, they were being used by ruthless manufacturers of wall papers, dishes and fabrics, and the artist was in danger of having her art vulgarized. Furthermore she suffered greatly from imitators who illustrated so well in the Greenaway manner that it was hard for the undiscerning to distinguish the original from the imitation.

Through the advice of Mr. Evans, her engraver, Miss Greenaway made her drawings for publication with pencil and a wash of water color. She also did much work in pure water color and later in life became greatly interested in oils. Her art was decorative, her books are filled with ornamental designs of fruit and flowers which she was especially skillful in drawing. Miss Greenaway had the happy faculty of being able to arrange any number of figures in a picture without losing rhythm or balance in the design. These "processions", as she called them, were original with her. In UNDER THE WINDOW may be



Courtesy of Frederick Warne

From MOTHER GOOSE

By Kate Greenaway

found some examples of this type of picture, one having sixteen children gathering May flowers, each child gracefully and differently posed, yet sacrificing nothing in movement. Critics have discovered many imperfections in her drawing technique, yet as her biographer says, "In Kate Greenaway's case her faults are forgotten, or at least forgiven, in the presence of her refined line and fairy tinting, her profiles and full faces of tender loveliness, and her figures of daintiest grace".

It is interesting to know that most of her figures were drawn from living models. She used members of her family, professional models, friends, and quite often she went to the schools to select children to sit for her when she needed a certain type of child. It is said that one of her models with reddish hair, wide-set eyes and pointed chin was promoted to the

position of housemaid, which position she held for several years, surprising and delighting visitors who called and were admitted by a typical "Greenaway girl".

Miss Greenaway's household consisted of her father and mother and an unmarried brother. In 1885 she had a beautiful new home built in Hampstead where she lived the rest of her life. Through her art she met many interesting people and although she was slow in forming intimacies she took much pleasure in her few chosen friends. One of the finest and most important of these friendships was with Ruskin who had been interested in Kate Greenaway's art long before he expressed his desire to know her. The friendship between artist and critic progressed rapidly. They visited each other occasionally, but the greater part of their communication was through letters. Some of her loveliest drawings were made as thumbnail sketches on these letters or sent as Christmas or birthday greetings. He admired her work and gave her his unstinted praise and valuable criticism. Much of their extensive correspondence has been published in her biography by M. H. Spielmann. A proof of her loyalty lies in the fact that Miss Greenaway never failed to write regularly to Mr. Ruskin during the last ten years of his life when he was too ill to write in return.

Although Miss Greenaway made illustrations for a number of books she found it difficult to fit her pictures to a story someone else had written. Her imagination was too creative to be harnessed to another's ideas and happily, in 1878, she conceived the idea of illustrating *UNDER THE WINDOW*, a book of her own verses. Her verses could not be called real poetry, yet they form lovely accompaniments to her pictures. This charming book with its freshness and delicate coloring soon became a favorite in Europe and America. Success followed rapidly during the next years with her annual *ALMANAC* and many books, the most noteworthy among them being the *KATE GREENAWAY BIRTHDAY BOOK FOR CHILDREN* in 1880, *MOTHER GOOSE* in 1881, *LITTLE ANN AND OTHER POEMS* by Ann and Jane Taylor, in 1882; *MARIGOLD GARDEN* in 1885, similar in form to *UNDER THE WINDOW* and considered by many to be her best work, *A APPLE PIE* in 1886, *THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN* in 1888, *THE KATE GREENAWAY BOOK OF GAMES* in 1889, and her last work in 1900 illustrating *THE APRIL BABY'S BOOK OF TUNES*. As busy as she must have been during these years making illustrations and larger paintings, there were found at her death many plans

and sketches of new ideas for books which she had never had time to develop.

Kate Greenaway is said to have introduced a pre-Raphaelite spirit into the nursery. Before her death, in November, 1901, had come the reaction against this movement. The peak of her popularity was passed and she felt keenly the coolness of the public mind in regard to her work. She said in one of her letters, "It is rather unhappy to feel that you have had your day". If she could have lived a few years longer in this twentieth century she would have seen children's books and their illustrators coming to the foreground and would have found herself still loved by little children and her name revered as one of the great pioneers in the history of illustrating books for children. She has been likened to William Blake in spirit. It is said that her childish figures were an inspiration to Boutet de Monvel, and that Stevenson was moved to write his *CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES* when he had read her *BIRTHDAY BOOK*. Mr. Spielmann says, in his delightful *KATE GREENAWAY*, "She gave us not what she saw, but what she felt, even as she looked. . . . No one has demonstrated more completely the artist's knowledge of and sympathy with infant life, or communicated that knowl-



Courtesy of Frederick Warne

From *MOTHER GOOSE*
By Kate Greenaway

edge and that sympathy to us. Her pictures delight the little ones for their own sake, and delight us for the sake of the little ones; and it may be taken for certain that Kate Greenaway's position in the art of England is

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WHITHER AWAY!

MARIAN CUTTER

Children's Book Shop, New York City

CHILDREN'S books are now the talk of the town. They are being discussed by mothers' clubs earnestly, by pedagogues subjectively; by psychologists analytically, from the pulpit exhortingly, and in the newspapers they are being reviewed critically. Radios broadcast them daily. What a hub-bub it is; and how complex until one has separated the shouts of the publishers crying their wares from the efforts of those who would disregard jackets and advertising and tell us the kernel of what lies between the covers of the book.

However, we are not concerned here with reviewing books, nor may we linger for more than a moment to look down the path which children's books have taken during the past one hundred and fifty years and call to mind those rare little volumes of the late eighteenth century, more numerous than one would suppose, unfailingly amusing, even exciting in content and illustrated with woodcuts which, in their literal depiction, left no room for lagging imagination. How much the young readers of the long ago must have loved and thumbed these books is proved by their scarcity. It is less difficult to find examples of the restrained Victorian age when juvenile literature was limited to morbid exhortations of so extreme a nature that the bolder lads at least, were driven in reaction to those lurid dime novels of the day which came to be looked upon as the root of all evil. From the narrow path of propriety and the broad highway of the penny-dreadfuls many new roads have branched in the last few years until today the expansion of book production for children is tremendous and varied. Now there are thousands of books for children, the majority of them good and many of them excellent.

The opportunity is as great as it is baffling. Perhaps the best way is to add each time one more good book chosen for its established reputation or on a trusted review, and so, little by little, to surround the child with worthy books of many types and varied subjects, and then leave him to work out his own salvation. This is not a difficult way nor yet a new way. For at least one generation our children's li-

braries and schools have provided collections of the best children's literature. From these libraries children of all stations of life have drawn according to their own inclinations. As a result of this and of the greater interest taken in supplementary reading by the schools, there is no question but that the outstanding heroes and heroines of folk lore, legend, and story are familiar to children; but after all a bowing acquaintance with Undine or the Cyclops does not necessarily develop an appreciation of great literature.

We throw our emphasis on the reading of those books which have stood the test of time, and to what end? To the end that childhood shall be rich and happy, of course, but does it stop there, or do we want the children to enjoy reading and to be able to discriminate between a first-class rendering of a world famous legend and a badly written outline of the same tale which merely gives the skeleton of the story? Perhaps we are confused in our own minds; perhaps we distrust our own literary judgment and so fear to lead the children.

Of one confusion I am sure, that the acquiring of information through the printed page is all too frequently confounded with the love of good literature; these things are quite separate and apart. So is the reading induced by the craving for experience which includes stories of mystery and adventure and is surely a legitimate passion in children who, beginning to assert their own individuality, like to scurry along new book trails in quest of adventures and discoveries and so gain glimpses of how the world, outside their own family circle, operates. "Fancy likes abroad to roam," and fancy is youth's heritage. Furthermore, whether we like it or not, youth is very apt to resent the acquisition of knowledge from the preceding generation, from its experience or from its books; and perhaps that is why it is often difficult to interest children in what we call standard fiction, to say nothing of the literature of the ages.

It does seem as if when the children entered their 'teens there was a falling off of friend-

ship with the great characters of literature and as if a very mediocre group supplanted them. I often wonder how many will return to great writings in their early twenties. It would be an interesting experiment to begin with very little children, while they remain willing to accept our teaching, and to take each book as it comes into the house, introducing it as a new arrival, comparing it with books already owned, contrasting it, and establishing its identity. Perhaps in that way the judgment of young readers might be strengthened. Books might then seem less like soldiers passing, rank upon rank, pleasant to remember *en masse*, but only vaguely recalled as to the captains and colonels and majors of the company, who if their distinctive features had been recognized, might have been lifelong friends.

It does not so much matter what books have been read—Milne, Alcott, Malory, or Dickens; the child's idea of books is the real concern. Does he recognize, as such, a book that is a

tool, a book for the entertainment of the hour, or a work of lasting beauty? And why should he not be able to discriminate between illustrations which are merely useful and those which make an artistic contribution?

The task of guiding the child toward the enjoyment of literature lies for the most part with mature people who are about him. It is his introductions to the books as they go into his hand which give him first impressions of them; it is sympathy with the child's outlook on life which throws the balance of emphasis on what is read; it is the interpretation of the keynote of the book which opens up to a child the understanding of what he is reading and it is our own sincere enjoyment of great books, our own enthusiasm for them that kindles the spark in him. If we can take a child by the hand and lead him thus far, not too earnestly, but very happily, then we have indeed done our part, and the rest lies with the child.

KATE GREENAWAY—CHILDREN'S ARTIST

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assured, so long as her drawings speak to us out of their broad and tender humanity, and carry their message to every little heart".

AVAILABLE BOOKS BY KATE GREENAWAY

- A APPLE PIE. Warne. \$1.25.
BIRTHDAY BOOK FOR CHILDREN; verses by Mrs. Sale Barker. Warne. \$1.25.
BOOK OF GAMES. New Ed. Warne. \$1.50.
LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS. New Ed. Warne. \$2.50.
MARIGOLD GARDEN; PICTURES AND RHYMES. Warne. \$2.50.
UNDER THE WINDOW; PICTURES AND RHYMES FOR CHILDREN. Warne. \$2.50.
PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN, by Robert Browning; ill. by Kate Greenaway. Warne. \$2.50.
MOTHER GOOSE; illus. by Kate Greenaway. Warne. \$1.00.
LITTLE ANN AND OTHER POEMS, by Jane and Ann Taylor; illus. by Kate Greenaway. Warne. \$1.50.

CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL REFERENCES.

BOOKS.

- KATE GREENAWAY PICTURES, from Originals Presented by Her to John Ruskin and Other Personal Friends With An Appreciation by H. M. Cundall. Warne, 1921. \$7.50.
*Spielmann, M. H., and Layard, G. S.—KATE GREENAWAY. London. Adam and Charles Black, pub. 1905. \$5.00.

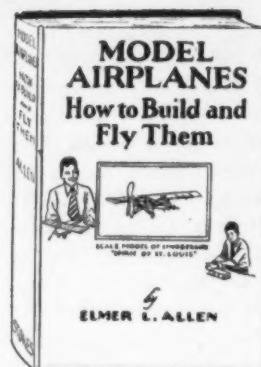
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- Century Magazine, v. 75 p. 183-94. Dec. 1907.
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Living Age, v. 231 p. 724-5, Dec. 14, 1901.
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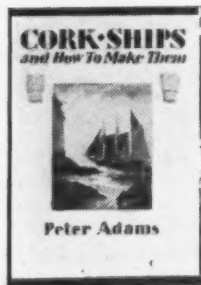
*This book is now out of print, but obtainable at second-hand or from some libraries.

HITCHING POSTS FOR HOBBY RIDERS

EVELYN R. SICKELS,
*Head of Work With Schools,
Indianapolis Public Library*



D ID you know that Glenn Curtiss and other great designers of modern aircraft began their careers by constructing and flying model airplanes? What wonder then that parlors are rapidly taking on the semblance of airports and basements are being converted into airplane factories. With **BEGINNING TO FLY: THE BEST MODEL AIRPLANES**, by Merrill Hamburg, the would-be model builder can soon be constructing an outdoor endurance model, a pusher model, scale models of "The Spirit of St. Louis" and "Miss America." To his supreme delight, he will find that he can make a little twelve-inch plane which will take off like a real plane under its own power, circle about the room for more than a minute and then glide down to a perfect three-point landing that even Lindbergh would envy!



If the model-builder is lucky enough to have a copy of **AN ALPHABET OF AVIATION**, by Paul Jones, somewhere handy on his workbench, he will be learning the language of the air and the way of wings from a most colorful and instructive book. If he would know what a "Jenny" is, or a "joy-stick" or what "zooming" is, let him learn from this fascinating alphabet. He will find **MODEL AIRPLANES; HOW TO BUILD AND FLY THEM**, by Allen, a book after his own heart. Perhaps the young model-builder's interest in aeronautics was first aroused when the immortal Tom Sawyer went up in a balloon, but stories of fiction no longer satisfy, and boys turn eagerly to **WE**, by Colonel Lindbergh and to **SKYWARD**, Commander Byrd's absorbing story. He will enjoy **KNIGHTS OF THE WING**, by A. M. Jacobs, and he will devour **HEROES OF AVIATION**, by Laurence Driggs, absorbing accounts of battles in the air of the most famous aces of the World War. He will turn with interest to **HISTORIC AIRSHIPS**, by Rupert Holland, and trace the complete story of man's efforts at flying from the legend of Icarus to the astonishing individual triumphs of Lindbergh, Chamberlain, Byrd, Maitland and the rest. Both boys and girls will be interested in **20 HRS. 40 MIN.**, by Amelia Earhart. For brother and sister fledglings, there is the colorful **PICTURE BOOK OF FLYING**, by Frank Dobias. What a captivating gift—the **PICTURE MAP OF LINDBERGH'S FLIGHT**, sent by air mail! Was there ever a more fascinating hobby to ride, or one which carried one into so vast a field of learning! Who knows but that the young model-flyers of today may be trying their wings in the airways of tomorrow!

Any boy who loves ships and their ways will sooner or later find himself riding his hobby on

the high seas. As he opens *SHIP MODELS, HOW TO BUILD THEM*, by Charles Davis, a tang of fresh, salty air blows up from the sea. Here are scale plans for the clipper ship, the "Sea Witch," soon to set sail for ports unknown. The zest for seafaring catches the young skipper in its grip. He develops a "satiabile curiosity" for things nautical and does not rest until he knows the difference between a lanteen sail and a spanker, the mizzen royal staysail and the mizzen topsail staysail. *SHIP MODEL PLANS* including blueprints and a sheet of instructions can be bought from Richter and Stroesser, 405 Eleventh Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Plans for a pirate ship may be had for .52; a clipper ship for .82; Columbus' "Santa Maria" costs \$1.02, but a Chinese Junk may be had for .47, and an Egyptian galley for .37. If these come too high, there is a most ingenious little book telling how ships may be built for the price of a postage stamp! With *CORK SHIPS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM*, by Peter Adams, the ambitious builder can construct a whole fleet of ship models ranging from a Phoenician galley to a modern four-masted schooner. The building materials are corks, pins, thread, matches, paper, glue, and colored crayons. The tools, a penknife, and a pair of scissors. And the boats

building, how interested the younger children will be in *THE STORY OF THE SHIP*, by Gordon Grant, and *MERCHANT SHIPS AND WHAT THEY BRING US*, by Sheila Braine. The older boys will be keenly alive to the interest of *THE LOOKOUTMAN*, by David Bone, and *THE BOYS' BOOK OF SHIPS*, by Charles Cartwright, and *HISTORIC SHIPS*, by Holland. What a thrill will come with the first reading of *THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT*, and *MOBY DICK*, and the later discovery of the absorbing sea stories of Joseph Conrad.

There is a little Barnum in every normal boy and the intriguing words, "Let's give a show!" instantly produce a magical effect. Rainy afternoons threatening to stretch into endless boredom suddenly contract and seem all too short for the multitude of fascinating ideas that spring to mind. Let the boys have access to a few good practical books of amateur magic and their show will bid fair to outshine even the memorable Schofield & Williams show (admission 1 cent or twenty pins—no bent pins taken) where to some of us the best part of the show was to see Penrod in his newly-painted moustache calling out in his remarkable voice, "Walk in, lay-deeze, walk right in, pray do not obstruk the passageway. Pray be



Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DOLLS

By Gwen White

really float! A fascinating little book and less pretentious than most of the ship model books, is *BOATS*, by Nell Curtis. This book was the result of many interesting adventures in boat making by a class of third grade children and their teacher. After trying their hand at ship-

seated, there is room for each and all." Give the Penrods and the Sams the *NEW BOOK OF MAGIC*, by Leeming, and let them see what they can do with the inexhaustible handkerchief and the vanishing ring. They will get endless fun out of *TONY SARG'S BOOK OF TRICKS* and

find *THE BOY SHOWMAN AND ENTERTAINER*, by Rose, full of ideas for marionette shows, peep shows and shadow pictures as well as representing living pictures, giants and dwarfs, circus performers and magicians. We can't keep *LITTLE DOG TOBY* from poking his small inquisitive nose into these pages, for he is a Punch and Judy show dog from old London and of course we all know that no show is complete without a Punch and Judy dog.

Here come the girls astride their Hobbies! What is it in us that responds so cordially whenever one falls to discussing dolls? It must be the Peter Pan in us—the part that never grows up! For all such grown-ups and for older girls whose dolls have long since been laid away in little trunks under attic eaves, *DOLLS*, by Esther Singleton, will hold a wealth of fascination. Through *PEEPS AT THE WORLD'S DOLLS*, by Canning-Wright, one may catch charming glimpses of Italian bambinos, French fisher dolls, Russian woodman dolls and dancing dolls of sunny Spain! For the youngest doll lovers there are a host of little friends waiting somewhere between book covers to be discovered. There is Maria Poppett, the most remarkable doll ever turned out by the Sprat family. She lives in a little blue book called *THE MEMOIRS OF A LONDON DOLL*. Then there is Josephine in *SUSANNA'S AUCTION* and *THE LITTLE WOODEN DOLL* and *THE LONESOMEST DOLL* and all the adorable European dolls in *THE KATY KRUSE DOLLY BOOK*. They will love the charming *ANCIENT AND MODERN DOLLS*, by Gwen White. And, of course, we almost forgot, there are the doll families! The *POPOVER FAMILY* and the *Racketty-Packetty* family that live in *THE RACKETTY-PACKETTY HOUSE*. How thrilled these same little doll-lovers will be with the story of Cosette and her beautiful doll when they discover it in later years in Victor Hugo's classic, *LES MISERABLES*.

For little doll dressmakers, the Jenny Wrens of the trade, there is a cunning little book, *THE PIECE BAG BOOK*, by Anna Blauvelt, which is a first book of sewing and weaving. A little story which comes tumbling right out of the midst of the piece bag along with all the scraps and bundles, is *POLLY PATCHWORK*, by Rachel Field, a quaint little story just right for little girls who are beginning to read and to sew.

Dolls, doll-dressmaking and toymaking all belong to the same Hobby family. Toys, of course, can be bought, but that is not half so much fun as making them! *TOY-MAKING IN SCHOOL AND HOME*, by Polkinghorne, and *TOY-CRAFT*, by Baxter, are two splendid books with

which to set to work. They tell how to make toy furniture, swinging and jointed animals, mechanical toys, kites, gliders, and ski scooters. *EASY-TO-MAKE-TOYS*, by C. A. Kunou, tells how to make such intriguing things as rabbit carts, a Puss in Boots, a Brer' Rabbit, a Peter Rabbit, a rocking clown, and a man who turns a somersault! *SPEED TOYS FOR BOYS (AND GIRLS, Too)*, by Armand LaBerge, will prove fascinating. Some day these same little toymakers will want to read in *THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH*, by Charles Dickens, about a toymaker named Caleb Plummer and how he lived with his blind daughter in a "little cracked nutshell of a wooden house." There is an ingenious little book called *YOUR WORKSHOP*, by Edna Plimpton, which tells how to make wooden dolls, marionettes, boats, and puppet shows. For very little Calebs, there is *WITH SCISSORS AND PASTE*, a book of toymaking for little children, by Leila Wilhelm. This is the nicest kind of a book for rainy days!

For the older girl who has a taste for art and a clever way with her fingers, *PLAYING WITH CLAY*, by Ida Wheeler, will prove a delightful book. After discovering the fascination of working with clay, the young modeller will delight in reading *THE BOY KNIGHT OF REIMS* and will find inspiration in *MODELLING MY LIFE*, by Janet Scudder.



Courtesy of The Macmillan Co.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DOLLS

By Gwen White

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE.

BEGINNING TO FLY; THE BEST MODEL AIRPLANES, by Merrill Hamburg. Houghton. \$2.50.

AN ALPHABET OF AVIATION. Text by Paul Jones. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. Macrea-Smith. \$2.00.

MODEL AIRPLANES; HOW TO BUILD AND FLY THEM, by Elmer Allen. Stokes. \$3.50.

WE, by Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh. Putnam. \$2.50.

SKYWARD, by Commander Richard E. Byrd. Putnam. \$3.50.

KNIGHTS OF THE WING, by A. M. Jacobs. Century. \$2.00.

HEROES OF AVIATION, by Laurence Driggs. Little. \$2.00.

HISTORIC AIRSHIPS, by Rupert Holland. Macrea-Smith. \$4.00.

20 HRS. 40 MIN., by Amelia Earhart. Putnam. \$2.50.

THE PICTURE BOOK OF FLYING, by Frank Dobias. Macmillan. \$2.00.

MAP SHOWING THE OVERLAND AND OVERSEAS FLIGHTS OF CHARLES A. LINDBERGH, designed by Ernest Clegg, New York. \$2.00.

SHIP MODELS, HOW TO BUILD THEM, by Charles Davis. Publication No. 11 of the Marine Research Society, Salem, Mass. \$5.00.

SHIP MODEL PLANS. Richter and Stroesser, 405 11th Ave., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

CORK SHIPS AND HOW TO MAKE THEM, by Peter Adams. Dutton. \$1.25.

BOATS, ADVENTURES IN BOATMAKING, by Nell Curtis. Rand McNally. 80c.

THE STORY OF THE SHIP, by Gordon Grant. Bradley. \$2.00.

MERCHANT SHIPS AND WHAT THEY BRING US, by Sheila E. Braine. Dutton. \$1.50.

THE LOOKOUTMAN, by David Bone. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$2.50.

THE BOYS' BOOK OF SHIPS, by Charles E. Cartwright. Dutton. \$2.00.

HISTORIC SHIPS, by Rupert Holland. Macrea-Smith. \$4.50.

THE CRUISE OF THE CACHALOT, by Frank Bullen; illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd. \$3.50.

MOBY DICK, by Herman Melville; illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd. \$3.50.

NEW BOOK OF MAGIC, by Joseph Leeming. Doubleday, Doran. \$1.50.

TONY SARG'S BOOK OF TRICKS, Greenberg. \$5.00.

THE BOY SHOWMAN AND ENTERTAINER, by A. Rose. Dutton. \$2.00.

LITTLE DOG TOBY, by Rachel Field. Macmillan. \$1.00.

DOLLS, by Esther Singleton. Payson & Clarke. \$7.50.

PEEPS AT THE WORLD'S DOLLS, by Canning-Wright. H. W. Black. \$1.50.

THE MEMOIRS OF A LONDON DOLL, by Mrs. Fairstar. Macmillan. \$1.00.

SUSANNA'S AUCTION, illustrated by Boutet de Monvel. Macmillan. \$1.00.

THE LITTLE WOODEN DOLL, by Margery Bianco. Macmillan. \$1.00.

THE LONESOMEST DOLL, by Abbie Farwell Brown; illustrated by Arthur Rackham. Houghton. \$1.75.

THE KATY KRUSE DOLLY BOOK, with verses by Rose Fyleman. Doubleday, Doran. \$2.00.

ANCIENT AND MODERN DOLLS, written and illustrated by Gwen White. Macmillan. \$1.75.

THE POPOVER FAMILY, by Ethel Calvert Phillips. Houghton, Mifflin. \$1.75.

RACKETTY PACKETTY HOUSE, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. Century. \$1.00.

LES MISERABLES, by Victor Hugo; illustrated by Mead Schaeffer. Dodd. \$3.50.

THE PIECE BAG BOOK, by Anna L. Blauvelt. Macmillan. \$1.50.

POLLY PATCHWORK, by Rachel Field. Doubleday, Doran. 75c.

TOY-MAKING IN SCHOOL AND HOME, by Ruby K. Polkinghorne. Stokes. \$3.00.

TOYCRAFT, by Leon Baxter. Bruce Pub. Co. \$1.30.

EASY-TO-MAKE TOYS, by C. A. Kunou. Bruce Pub. Co. \$1.50.

SPEED TOYS FOR BOYS (AND GIRLS, TOO), by Armand LaBerge. Bruce Pub. Co. \$1.25.

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH, by Charles Dickens; illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. Harper. \$2.50.

YOUR WORKSHOP, by Edna Plimpton. Macmillan. \$1.50.

WITH SCISSORS AND PASTE, by Leila Wilhelm. Macmillan. \$1.75.

PLAYING WITH CLAY, by Ida Wheeler. Macmillan. \$2.00.

THE BOY KNIGHT OF RHEIMS, by Eloise Lowmsbery. Houghton Mifflin. \$2.50.

MODELLING MY LIFE, by Janet Scudder. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS AS GOOD WILL MESSENGERS

ALICE M. JORDAN,

*Supervisor of Work With Children,
Boston Public Library*

TWO YEARS ago a visible sign of friendship came from the children of Japan to the children of America in the form of an elaborate group of ceremonial dolls sent in return for an initial gift from American school children to those in Japan. The fascinating array, displayed as it was in many centers of this country, called forth a warm interest in the children who sent the dolls forth on their tour of good-will to America. A token so tangible as a doll carries conviction to every matter-of-fact person. But those of us who know how children's recreational reading often dominates their lives, setting standards of belief expressed later in conduct, see also great possibilities of strengthening international understanding by less picturesque but quite as powerful contacts with the ideas and truths in books.

I once heard a public speaker quote from a current periodical a sentence that has never been forgotten. "The missing link between classes in our modern world", he said, "is a fundamental defect of the imagination." The power to understand the point of view of others is largely dependent upon the ability to put oneself in their place, a process which is plainly impossible to the unimaginative.

It was George Macdonald, himself a writer of beautiful fairy tales, who believed that a wise imagination, which he called "the presence of the spirit of God", is the best guide that man or woman can have. He felt that it is necessary to supply food and exercise for it, and that books are the readiest means of supplying these. Children and people of limited experience are prone to think that those whose manners are different are "queer". They require some animating motive toward kindness and tolerance and for this purpose books must many times take the place of traveling across the world.

There is a remoteness about the term "international spirit", which puts the situation away from us, a relation connecting us with foreign lands, a possibly entangling alliance. But indeed, the emergency is far closer, it is here and now. Every day brings examples of cruelty to those whose ways are not like ours, of a

prejudiced attitude between those whose opinions are at variance. Now if this lack of imagination, or what is equally bad, undirected imagination runs at times to coarseness it can be met in the schoolroom by the introduction of legitimate humor best displayed in the folk lore of different countries. With plenty of outlets for the sense of fun, crude and vulgar jokes, indulged in at the expense of others, are less likely to seem witty to an unthinking child.

Irish fairy tales are rich in humor, so are the Uncle Remus stories. Among recent books there is plenty of fun in a collection of folk tales from Poland, *THE JOLLY TAILOR*. *THE TREASURE OF CARCASSONNE*, a translation from the French, is a merry story of the absurd adventures of a troubadour in a famous old French city on a hunt for buried treasure. Stories brought from other countries, either folk lore or familiar stories of child life, serve two ends in a schoolroom. They both help to stimulate the imagination of the native born and to hearten and free the strangers who do not yet feel at home in America. For, at times, a great cause of unhappiness is found in the petty persecution of an unpopular racial minority.

So a teacher who reads to her class one of the typical fairy tales of Europe may see in the shining faces of two little immigrants, alone in a roomful of assertive young Americans, the pride of race that is a lawful possession. Moreover, if the story is accompanied by an appreciative comment, "And that story comes from Italy", their social standing is perceptibly advanced. Many of the best books for dispelling racial dislike need just a few words of introduction if they are not to be missed at the time when their appeal might be greatest. Out of interest in the characters of the story is born an awareness of some unnoticed companion. The story of Mattina from *UNDER GREEK SKIES* was told to a class of children and immediately the unpopular Greeks in a Syrian neighborhood acquired a new dignity. "There is a Greek girl in my room at school and I think she is Mattina", said a boy. In another school two unsocial Chinese children

became a part of the group and softly joined in reciting the verses of the Chinese Mother Goose with the story-teller.

A large city school which gathers together boys and girls from some forty countries unquestionably acquires a cosmopolitan atmosphere bound to develop mutual respect in the nationalities it embraces. In such a school a teacher who keeps up with the new books has a chance to gladden the lone Albanian child by introducing to her class that fine story, *CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE*, with its well-drawn picture of hardy living among the Albanian mountains. Admiration for the courage and patriotism of Bor and Marash, the children in the book, will lift their compatriot to a higher place in the regard of his fellows.

Between children who live in cities where representatives of many races come together in the public schools, and those in rural communities where the population is unmixed, lies a difference of outlook not always to the credit of the hundred per cent American. The comfortable smugness and self-satisfaction to be found sometimes in country places and suburban towns are as truly foes to the international spirit as are active feuds among the volatile races. When, therefore, the healthy influence of living contacts is lacking books are doubly important to push out the narrow horizons and let in the air.

No one kind of book is an unfailing prescription to the sound understanding we are seeking. Geographical readers and other factual books, though sincerely written for that purpose, are not enough. To give children a vivid feeling of reality so that their sensibilities are quickened and their complacency pricked, we must look to books with creative imagination behind them, truthful in portrayal, fittingly expressed. Fortunately there are an increasing number of attractive stories of child life in other lands inspired by genuine experiences amidst the scenes described. When they are written by one who is a native of the country of which he writes the value of the background is enhanced.

The wonderful simplicity and clarity of Mukerji's stories of boy life in the small villages of India give an added charm to books that are easily read and comprehended by rather young children. *KARI, THE ELEPHANT*; *HARI, THE JUNGLE LAD*; *GHOND, THE HUNTER*, give us entrance into the communities of Hindus living on the edge of the jungle with wild beasts prowling at their very doors. Furthermore, they give insight into the every-

day life of the Oriental as no book written from the western standpoint can do.

Several books on life in the north of Africa have recently appeared from the hands of authors who know their scene remarkably well. In *ABDUL: THE STORY OF AN EGYPTIAN BOY*, the children may read of both city and country manners, as Abdul knows the two-room mud house, baked by the fierce sun of Egypt and equally, the ancient city of Luxor with its markets and its white mosque. *SOKAR AND THE CROCODILE*, inspired by real children and the questions they asked at the Art Museum in Cleveland, carries the reader backward in time to ancient days in Egypt and is a fanciful story in an historical setting. *THE BOY OF THE DESERT* tells about an Arab boy in Tunisia in a poetic and charming style.

Clear and accurate pictures of Italy are to be found in *ITALIAN PEEPSHOW* and *THE BOY WHO WAS*. The latter affords a panorama of scenes from the history of Ravello with a boy character who shares in the history from the days of Ulysses, onward.

These are but examples of the kind of book to be welcomed and widely used in schools and homes and libraries. Their value lies in the author's proved ability to make his characters and his country live so that they seem to the reader like real persons and places. Henceforth he sees Holland and Switzerland, Italy and Albania as they actually are and the children have the solid substance of neighbors in a small town.



Courtesy of E. P. Dutton

From *GHOND, THE HUNTER*

By Dhan Gopal Mukerji

Stories from history written without rancor or bias, emphasizing character rather than dwelling upon bloodshed, also reward the reader by enlarging his sympathies. To know OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND, THE LITTLE DUKE, THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER, is to catch the spirit of the periods in which they are rooted. A TRUMPETER OF KRAKOW achieves distinction by its stirring portrayal of Fifteenth Century Poland. It is bound to rouse cordiality for a people whose passion for a national life has survived generations of exile. And, too, it is a capital story of mystery and alchemy. Zebulon Pike's journey to find the sources of the Mississippi and make treaties with the Indians is the theme of AS THE CROW FLIES. The young explorer's conquest of the hostile Indian tribes along the way is brought about not by force of arms, for he was alone, but by courage and fair dealing.

Books revealing a nation's contribution to the world's treasury of art and literature help to show children their debt to other countries. Coming to the hands of young people through translations are all the great hero stories, not always recognized as the literary inheritance of gifted races whose genius and inspiration have made the whole world richer. A generous disposition to acknowledge our obligation would be a natural gesture.

And finally, all reading that makes children sensitive to the feelings of others, their pain, their joy, their struggles and disappointments as well as their valor and fine exploits help weld more lasting bonds of fellowship among the peoples of the world.

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Dragoumis, Julia. UNDER GREEK SKIES. E. P. Dutton & Company.

Farjeon, Eleanor. ITALIAN PEEPSHOW. Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Hallock, G. T. THE BOY WHO WAS. E. P. Dutton and Company.

Howard, A. W. SOKAR AND THE CROCODILE. The Macmillan Company.

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Meigs, Cornelia. AS THE CROW FLIES. The Macmillan Company.

Miller, E. C. CHILDREN OF THE MOUNTAIN EAGLE. Doubleday, Doran & Company.

Mukerji, Dhan Gopal, GHOND THE HUNTER. E. P. Dutton & Company; HARI THE JUNGLE LAD. E. P. Dutton & Company; KARI THE ELEPHANT, E. P. Dutton & Company.

Palmer, W. B. ABDUL. The Macmillan Company.

Pyle, Howard. OTTO OF THE SILVER HAND. Charles Scribner's Sons.

Robida, A. TREASURE OF CARCASSONNE. Longmans, Green, and Company.

Tietjens, Eunice. THE BOY OF THE DESERT. Coward-McCann.

Twain, Mark. THE PRINCE AND THE PAUPER. Harper and Brothers.

Yonge, C. M. THE LITTLE DUKE. Duffield & Company.

SOME MODERN AUTHORS

LOUISE SEAMAN

New York City

THE PEOPLE behind the names on these new children's book of today: what are they really like? Is it possible to carry, in a brief article any sense of their exciting and very different personalities? I think it is rather dangerous to attempt. I remember once making a point in a speech about the importance of our discovering truly great modern people to write for boys and girls. I tried to describe various elements in personality that one especially wanted children to feel and appreciate. It was surprising how these qualities of eagerness, awareness, open-mindedness enthusiasm, poetic appreciation, which generally belong to children, are so often lost by them as they grow older.

As I talked, a picture came vividly to my mind of the well-loved figure of Louise Connolly of Newark. We had been talking about her book, *MR. CHATTERBOX*, combining our chat with an inspection of that treasure house of education for youngsters, the Newark Museum, and had paused to snatch a hasty meal in some strange place. She waved a sandwich in one hand and in the other, various clippings and proposed news copy. She was trying to persuade that city to buy an Egyptian cat, to wake it up to the fact that there never before had come their way anything so beautiful, that their own mere money could buy. Well, I saw afterwards that this story was too subtle, and that an incident which I shall never forget, was pretty hard to carry to other people. So I hesitate to start telling stories of these authors, and I can only say that all of them have been described so often that there are many pages elsewhere to balance what strange ideas you may cull from me.

Miss Meigs' name, for instance, has been before you constantly in connection with her winning the Little, Brown prize. We know her in this office as a wonderful letter writer. She lives in Keokuk, Iowa, and frequently comes East, to Marblehead and Boston, but seldom to New York. So most of our long years of publishing have been managed by mail. We have come to know her father, who "discovered" the manuscript of *THE WONDERFUL LOCOMOTIVE*, and her nieces and one special nephew, David, who lets us read his stories. We have a picture

of her as a tiny girl, in the midst of a large family, with a big dog. Here you see at a glance the sort of people who would treasure the letters of their interesting ancestors, and you know their ancestors would be interesting. The feeling of a devoted family is there. When you see Miss Meigs, a dark, slim, delicate person, you realize what unusual strength of spirit enables her to help manage the large families of children with whom she is connected and at the same time carry through so many fine pieces of writing, each demanding research, each produced with fine quality of finished phrase and well worked plot. The quality of craftsmanship came to her from those ship-building forbears. It is a rarely fine poetic and idealistic attitude toward life that would devise such a book plan as that of *MASTER SIMON'S GARDEN*. It has implicit a kind of Americanism that we want every child to understand, and that goes much deeper than any book on civics.

The same sturdy pioneer and New England stock produced the Rachel Field of the poems, pictures, plays and fairy tales. She is a charming auburn-haired, blue-eyed play-boy of a person, who comes here with Spriggin on a leash, and always a new toy or an old children's book under her arm. She lives in a New York apartment with her family and one thinks of her as knowing all sorts of unusual things about this exciting city, especially about plays and books. She is writing "The Gossip Shop" for Mrs. Canby in *The Saturday Review*. Her real home, however, is the Maine island where her first royalties bought The Play House, a marvelous informal summer home with an unparalleled view straight to Spain. Here some of her best writing has been done. Here she gathers her friends, including such artists as Elizabeth MacKinstry and Dorothy Lathrop, and marvelous book plans are laid. Rachel Field's recollections of the "way she felt" when she was small are vivid, and she is always true to them. It is her appreciation of small children's real interest in things about them and her own continued love of the same things, from a real toadstool or puppy to an old-fashioned doll, that give her writing such charm.

Equally play-minded, but of a different im-

aginative equipment, is Margery Bianco. I have reread my article for *The Horn Book* on the Bianco family, written several years ago, and I find little new to add. Margery's own American country-side childhood, and her early married life in Italy, give her a richness of visual memory of country details. She, too, is fond of toys and pets and her heroes and heroines are the actual ones shared with her own children. She is a slight, small person with great eyes under a page-like bob. She is apt to be reporting on French or Italian books for some publisher, in the intervals of her own writing. She is an excellent reviewer. It is difficult to analyze in a few words the difference between her modern toy stories and those of Mrs. Burnett. There is no phase that places them in time as modern. Perhaps it is the kind of humor, the exact sort of poetic attitude, implied, rather than emphasized, the solemn reality in the toy characters that come to life, the lack of sentimentality—all this means sheer power of good writing that would stand out in any age.

Dorothy Rowe is a young American girl, born in China, brought up there, married there, now still in her early twenties, the author of three unusual books. Naturally they reflect her Oriental experiences, and carry a sharp sense of an observant happy childhood in a strange place. They are very simple tales, rather poetic than humorous or pointed. They hold children because they are about every-day things, and because the unusual pictures give all the Chinese backgrounds in real detail. Both Chinese books were illustrated over there by Chinese artists, under the author's directions. Her married name is Mrs. Benjamin March. March is the Chinese word for horse and so they have a beautiful Chinese horse drawn for their symbol and letterhead. To be given a Chinese dinner in the Marches' present home in Detroit, with Dorothy and Benjamin in beautiful Chinese costume, is an experience one seldom meets in America.

There are few authors today writing the kind of American history stories that really hold boys and girls. Constance Lindsay Skinner is one. Her material differs from Miss Meigs' in that it is chiefly of the frontiers of American

history. How she grew up in a Hudson's Bay Trading Post in Canada has been told too often to repeat here. These early memories of woods and Indians have served her well. The spirit they shaped, plus honest scholarship and training in historical writing, make her an especially dignified addition to the list of popular writers for young people. She is one of the rare people who can make a speech on the meaning of the Constitution or the Declaration of Independence and hold an audience of young and old at thrilled attention.

Another very interesting writer of historical fiction is Hawthorne Daniel. His medieval tales grew out of his experience as editor of the *Boy Scout* magazine and his belief that the right sort of thriller based on European history could be written by one who knew boys. Each book has had the collaboration of groups of boys, during the writing, and also the help of his wife. Recently she modeled a delightful figure of the Dunmore hero, which was cast at the Museum of Natural History where Mr. Daniel now edits the museum magazine.

Padraic Colum comes last of this short list. I hope there is no one in the audience of *The Review*, who has not heard him "say his poems," or read from his plays, no one who has not read some of his stirring adult books, such as *CASTLE CONQUER*, a novel, or *THE ROAD ROUND IRELAND*, a most unusual sort of travel book. Nowhere in our time exists any such list of creative rewriting, for children, of the basic tales of great literatures, as in his bookshelf of folklore and legend. To have the mind of a poet and scholar and dramatist bent upon such a task, is great good fortune. Mr. Colum was the choice of Yale University and the Hawaiian government to record their folklore for Hawaiian children. He has traveled all about America, lecturing and reciting. He reviews books and plays, and serves on various literary committees. In the midst of a most active life and with a great love of people and a high aptitude for friendship, he is still the romantic figure of the wandering poet and scholar. It is his kind of poetic wisdom that we all need as a touchstone. May his belief in the power of the imagination prevail in our time.

BOOKS AND BOOKS

JEAN C. ROOS,

*Head of Stevenson Room, Cleveland Public Library,
Cleveland, Ohio*

A HIGH school boy had evidently been selecting his books from a display beneath a caption, "Recreational Reading". Upon entering the library one day, he found this display changed, so, turning to the librarian, he said, "Please, I should like another of those *re-creational* books."

This is a real challenge to workers with young people. A "*re-creational*" book, that is the essence of literature for young people, a book which will re-create life in its highest, broadest, and fullest sense; which will add something vital to the reader's experience or to his general information; and, most of all, a book which has the power of inspiration.

What kinds of books are these teen-aged people reading? Fiction, assuredly; the very best, good, bad and indifferent are in demand, and it is our task, as educators, to select our books carefully in order to give them the opportunity to read the best. With help and suggestion, the better type of reading interests can be developed and literary standards formed.

We expect books of fiction, which we recommend to young people, to present to them a true and full-length picture of life under certain conditions. Detailed cross sections of human experiences, minute introspective studies, analytic treatises disguised as fiction, should have no place in the literature for young people. There are some seventeen and eighteen year olds who are reading this type of literature, and if their experience and reading background has sufficiently prepared them to separate the chaff from the wheat, it may possibly do no harm, but recommendations of such studies to young people may be dangerous.

The presentation of books of fiction which we recommend to young people should be straightforward, clear cut, with no jagged moral issues on which the formative ideals of youth may be snagged. Made-to-order pictures prepared for youth are inexcusable, particularly where life and truth has been doctored to make the book turn out happily. Good, wholesome sentiment is one thing and is to be desired, and sugared sentimentality is quite another. We expect the

book to be interesting and ethically motivated, with enough plot and action to convey the story, with events logically worked out and climaxed within the possibilities of situations created by the author. Atmosphere and setting add greatly to the value of the book; the characters should be vivid and worth knowing. If, coupled with all these desirable qualities, we have a book written in distinctive style thus having literary value, we can then recommend without reservations.

And there are many such books both new and old. So many of our fine old stories are now being published in illustrated editions, with good readable type, and are therefore being read more and more by our youth. Stevenson, Cooper, Dumas, Hugo, in their new dress, are favorites with the boys, and the girls are reading anew Dickens, Scott and Bronte. A new edition of Michael Scott's *TOM CRINGLE'S LOG*, illustrated by Mead Schaeffer (Dodd), is again stimulating interest in the sea, privateers and smugglers. This is also a good "period" romance, as is Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch's *SPLendid SPUR*, illustrated by Daugherty (Doran), which presents romance and adventure in the time of Cromwell.

In discussing the books which meet our standards, let us use a few of the newer titles as illustrations, as the older books have been the subject of many dissertations. Maristan Chapman's *HAPPY MOUNTAIN* (Viking Press), a story of the Cumberland mountain folk, will interest the older girls who long to go "far n' beyond". It is told simply, with sympathetic understanding and has vivid characterization. *Wait-still-on-the-Lord* Lowe lives in our memory.

The same understanding of youth, although in an entirely different setting is found in Peadar O'Donnell's *THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM* (Putnam). Here is an intimate picture of the daily life of a poor Irish family living on a rocky island off the coast of Ireland, and centering around the mother, Mary Doogan, and her son, Charlie, who put up an heroic struggle for existence. Here also is idyllic romance and much poetic charm.

The theme of one delicate tale of French village life, Alain Fournier's *THE WANDERER*, is that of an unusual friendship between Francois Seurel, son of a school master in a French village school, and Augustin, an imaginative, restive, independent boy of sixteen. With the advent of Augustin in the school, the rather lonely boyhood of Francois is changed to one filled with gay exploits of which Augustin is always the hero. One night, Augustin tells Francois of a manor he discovered in his travels and of the festival given in honor of the son of the manor and his bride; thus enters romance into both their lives.

Thomas Boyd gives us an interesting and well written historical story in his *SHADOW OF THE LONG KNIVES* (Scribner); the setting is Ohio and nearby territory in Revolutionary days when the Indians were pushed westward by the sturdy pioneers. *DRUMS*, by James Boyd, has come out in a new edition illustrated by Wyeth (Scribner). The romance of Venetian trade, with all the colorful background of the middle ages is the theme of a splendid tale, *SWORDS ON THE SEA*, by A. D. Hewes (Knopf). In this connection, Sherwood and Mantz' *ROAD TO CATHAY* (Macmillan), should be mentioned as a most readable book on the travels of Marco Polo and giving considerable atmosphere of the Asia of the Middle Ages. The legends and tales told by the travelers are dramatic.

A natural development of reading interests is from the reading of fiction to the reading of biography. It is an easy and simple transition, because primarily, the subject of the biography is the central character, comparable to the hero or heroine in fiction and having much the same appeal. For example, the older girls who are reading girls' stories or books of home life will be interested in Caroline Ticknor's *MAY OLCOTT; A MEMOIR* (Little), and will eagerly read about the real "Amy" of *LITTLE WOMEN* and of her experience abroad, her successful artistic career and her romantic mar-

riage. Those who want adventure in the form of period fiction will thoroughly enjoy the barbaric background and action in Harold Lamb's *TAMERLANE* (McBride), portraying the brave and cruel Timur who conquered half the world.

The adventure element can be supplied in Arthur Strawn's *SAILS AND SWORDS* (Brentano), which follows the career of Balboa from the time he is discovered as a stowaway in a cask on shipboard, to his triumph, when as conquistador he took possession of territory near the Gulf of Mexico "in the name of the King and Queen of Spain". The stirring appeal of adventurous personal heroism found in fiction, is also found in such biographies as Richard Byrd's *SKYWARD* (Putnam), Amelia Earhart's *20 HRS. 40 MIN.* (Putnam), and in travel such as Arthur Walden's *DOG PUNCHER ON THE YUKON* (Houghton). The latter is of particular interest at present as Walden is a member of the Byrd Expedition. Charles Murphy's *STRUGGLE* (Stokes) is a journalistic account of Byrd's life and gives information about the present expedition thus supplementing the previous books mentioned.

All boys and girls are interested in "working up" stories, books which have the appeal of achievement; the same interest is found in biographies of this type. This is exemplified in Harry Lauder's *ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'* (Lippincott), in which the author tells of his early struggles with poverty, the anxieties of the early days of his stage career and his ultimate success. The same interest is found in Mary Lawton's portraiture of SCHUMANN-HEINK (Macmillan).

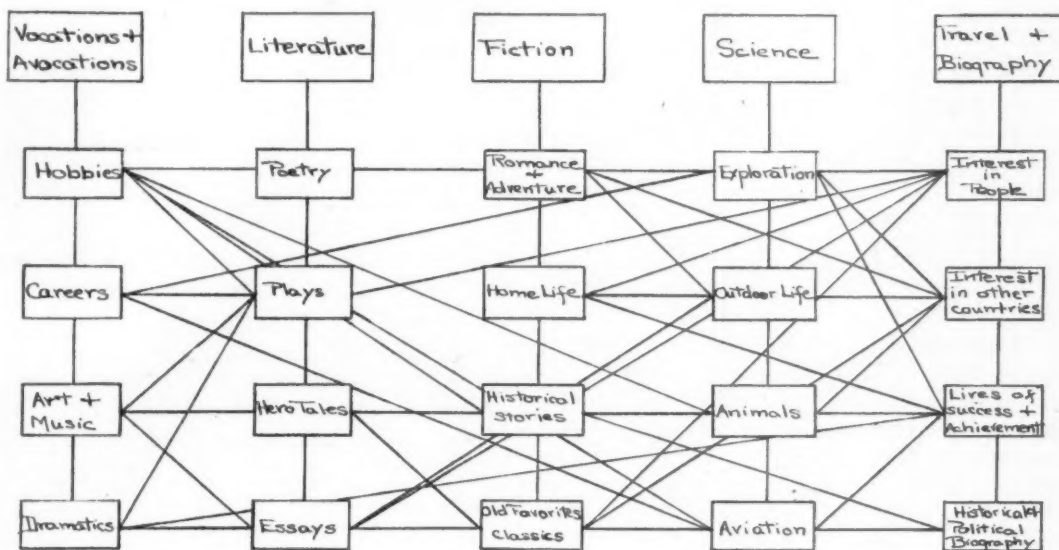
So we could go on discussing indefinitely the various appeals and interests in books. A wide range should be represented in a collection of carefully selected books for young people. The following chart illustrates the interrelationship of books and the possibilities for the development of reading interests when young people read for pleasure.

BOOKS MENTIONED IN THIS ARTICLE.

Boyd, James.....	DRUMS; ill. by Wyeth, New Ed.....	Scribner
Boyd, Thomas.....	SHADOW OF THE LONG KNIVES.....	Scribner
Byrd, R. E.	SKYWARD	Putnam
Chapman, Maristan.....	HAPPY MOUNTAIN.....	Viking Press
Couch, Sir A. T., Quiller.....	SPLENDID SPUR; ill. by Daugherty.....	Doran
Earhart, Amelia.....	20 HRS. 40 MIN.....	Putnam
Fournier, Alain.....	THE WANDERER; tr. by Delisle.....	Houghton Mifflin
Hewes, A. D.	SWORDS ON THE SEA.....	Knopf
Lamb, Harold.....	TAMERLANE.....	McBride
Lauder, Sir Harry.....	ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'	Lippincott

Lawton, Mary.....	SCHUMANN-HEINK, THE LAST OF THE TITANS..	Macmillan
Murphy, C. J. V.....	STRUGGLE, THE LIFE AND EXPLOITS OF COMMANDER RICHARD E. BYRD.....	Stokes
O'Donnell, Peadar.....	THE WAY IT WAS WITH THEM.....	Putnam
Scott, Michael.....	TOM CRINGLE'S LOG; ill. by Schaeffer. New Ed.....	Dodd
Sherwood, Merriam & Mantz, Elmer.....	ROAD TO CATHAY.....	Macmillan
Strawn, Arthur.....	SAILS AND SWORDS.....	Brentano
Ticknor, Caroline.....	MAY ALCOTT; A MEMOIR.....	Little
Walden, A. T.	DOG-PUNCHER ON THE YUKON.....	Houghton Mifflin

When Young People Read
For Pleasure
They Develop Varied Reading Interests



BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS AND READING—1927-1928*

ALICE M. JORDAN, RUTH ANNE OVERMAN and
MRS. ELIZABETH RIDDELL WHITE,

Members of Book Evaluation Committee, 1927-1928
Children's Librarians' Section, American Library Association

Arranged and Annotated by Members of Junior Course,
Library Work with Children,
Western Reserve University, 1929

GENERAL ARTICLES IN MAGAZINES

An Appetite for Good Books. S. N. Cleghorn.

Child Welfare Magazine, 22; Ap. '28, p. 364-7.

A helpful discussion of ways by which the school can give to the child an appetite for great books through the teacher's non-interference with the child's instincts, thus encouraging him to do what he wants to do.

Awkward Age in Reading. F. L. Robbins.

Outlook, 148, Ap. 4, '28, p. 554-5.

A brief discussion by a mother of the problem of finding new books to satisfy the need of a girl fifteen, and a few titles suggested to meet the need.

Children's Plays in Italy. C. D. McKay.

Drama, 18; Oct. '27, p. 15-16.

An illuminating article on the appalling lack of drama for children in Italy. Gone is the imaginative life; the marionettes provide the chief entertainment and the puppet reigns supreme.

The College Mother Looks at Children's Books. Marie Bristowe.

American Childhood, 14; Nov. '27, p. 11-13.

A brief history of types of children's literature and a discussion of the problem of mothers teaching children the habit of reading and appreciating good books. Suggests books suitable for the mother's use with a child at home.

Dhan Gopal Mukerji. Harriet Skidmore.

Elementary English Review, 4; Dec. '27, p. 295-6.

A short biographical sketch of Mukerji.

Exhibition of Children's Books. Simon Pure (pseud.) F. A. Swinnerton.

Bookman, 65; Aug. '27, p. 659-60.

An article commending the little exhibition of children's books, dating from 1791 to the

present day at the Banks Sisters' Bookshop in Church Street, Kensington, and advocating more exhibitions to educate the book buying public in the future.

French Children's Magazines. C. M. Spender.

Contemporary Review, 132; Sept. '27, p. 362-7.

An enlightening review of children's magazines in France.

Give the Children's Editor a Hand. William Whitman, 3rd.

Independent, 119; Nov. 19, '27, p. 497-8.

An interesting survey of recent trends in children's books and a criticism of a few time-worn traditions which still hamper the publishers.

Guidance in Voluntary Reading. Evangeline Colburn.

Elementary School Journal, 28; May, '28, p. 666-672.

A very helpful article on devices employed to influence children's reading.

Huckleberry Finn Versus the Cash Boy. Warren Beck.

Education, 49; Sept. '28, p. 1-13.

Compares the literary merits of the Alger books with Huckleberry Finn. Worth while. *Librarian of Supplementary Reading.*

Elementary School Journal, 28; Sept. '27, p. 1-2.

An outline of the new plan in Cleveland schools to have a trained teacher-librarian select all the supplementary readers for the school system.

Mother Goose-step for Children. S. B. Leacock. Forum, 79; March '28, p. 365-9.

Discussion of the fundamental error as to literature and as to children. No need to worry about the apparent terror and bloodshed in children's books, for it is not necessary to soften the story for them

*List includes material only through September, 1928.

On Condescension.

Saturday Review of Literature, 4; Oct. 15, '27, p. 212.

The modern implication is that children's books are a different and inferior breed, and no one is going to put his best material into an inferior article. When writers do condescend to write children's books, they become lax and think that anything will do to try on the child.

Organizing of the Library and Auditorium Work in a Platoon School. E. M. Bertie.

Journal of Educational Method, 7; Feb. '28, p. 216-221.

Tells how the library was used in a platoon plan school to stimulate good reading among children. Includes book reviews by children. *Reaching the Individual Child Through the Library.* V. W. Schott.

Elementary English Review, 4; Dec. '27, p. 301-302.

The school and the library must work together in order to reach the needs of every child. The library is able to solve many school problems by the guidance of children's reading. *Reading in Relation to Children's Literature.*

Jean Betzner.

Childhood Education; Oct. '27, p. 61-63.

A discussion on the quality of children's reading.

Recent Verse for Children.

Journal of the N. E. A., 17; March '28, p. 83.

A representative collection of verse for children selected from various authors.

Right Attitude Towards Books and Taste in Reading in the Primary School. Marjorie Hardy.

Elementary School Journal, 27; June '27, p. 745-750.

Cultivating the right attitude is as essential as cultivating a child's ability to read easily. Suggests to parents and teachers a few ways by which that attitude may be created.

Stages of Development in Reading.

Elementary School Journal, 28; Oct. '27, p. 88-90.

Article concerning the changes which occur in the reading attitudes of pupils in successive stages of elementary education.

Study of Voluntary Reading of Pupils in Grades 4-8. T. J. Lancaster.

Elementary School Journal, 28; March '28, p. 525-537.

Report of questionnaire ballots answered by children as to what they read and why. Very enlightening.

Teen Age Girls as Booklovers. M. D. Archibald.

Library Journal, 52; Sept. '27, p. 856-857.

Suggests ways of helping 'teen age girls of 60-80 I. Q. in using the library. Includes type of books to give them, and shows how use of the school library may lead to knowledge of public library.

Through the Gates to the Child's Library.

Independent, 119; Nov. 19, '27, p. 499-503.

Several drawings of the season's children's books used, which are taken from the publisher's autumn lists.

A Thumbtack Notice Concerning Children's Reading. Patten Beard.

Child Welfare Magazine, 22; Nov. '27, p. 106-108.

Parents should in some way learn about the books their children should read, and not depend on book store clerks for suggestions.

What Constitutes Good Reading? A. L. Balch.

Elementary English Review, 4; Oct. '27, p. 234-235, 244.

Pupils continually urged to read good books want to know what constitutes good reading. By learning their individual reading problems, the teacher can guide her students to better books.

BOOK REVIEWS

Autumn Books for Children's Shelves. Clarissa Murdoch.

Elementary English Review, 4; Oct. '27, p. 241-244.

Reviews of new books that would make good fireside reading for older children.

Book Reviews. Clara Hickman.

Childhood Education, 4; March '28, p. 354-355.

Reviews intended for adults of eleven recent books for children, suitable for primary grades.

Books for Autumn Days. M. L. Becker.

American Girl, 10; Nov. '27, p. 46-52.

A good selection of twenty-two books with a short review of each for girls of the 'teen age and recommending the "Happy Hour Books" for the younger brothers and sisters.

Books for the Children's Christmas. In *Among the New Books.* Harry Hansen.

Harper's Magazine, 156; Dec. '27.

Follows table of contents.

Browsing Through Bookland at Christmas. Julius King.

Garden and Home Builder, 46; Dec. '27, p. 314.

Current books, books of season and of fifty years ago, and in between, for children of all ages, slightly annotated and grouped according to menus to balance the child's reading

and assist the parent in holiday buying.

Children and Their Books. Ernestine Evans, ed.

New Republic, 52; Nov. 16, '27, p. 346-369.

The children's book section, a supplement of this issue of the New Republic, is devoted to children and their books, reviewed by well known people in the literary world.

Children Really Like Poetry. Genevieve Taggard.

New Republic, 52; Nov. 16, '27, p. 353-5.

An article on the child's inherent love for poetry and the lack of good poetry writers for children. Reviews critically the poetry and collections of poetry for the year and finds very few of worth while character.

Children's Books.

Harper's Magazine, 156; Nov. '27.

Short reviews of eleven fall books, following table of contents.

Chimney Corner Stories. H. E. Waite.

Every Girl's, 15; May '28, p. 7.

Selected especially to interest Camp Fire Girls, these books, slightly reviewed, contain legends of the Indians and others suitable to be read or told around the fire when lights are low.

Children's Book-Warming for Young People. M. G. Bonner.

Bookman, 65; Dec. '27, p. 472.

Brief reviews of forty-six recent books (not selective).

Contagion of Books. E. N. Blair.

Good Housekeeping, 85; Nov. '27, p. 30-1, 206-14.

Suggests exposure of all children to the best books so that they will be immune to the effects of bad ones. Recommends the Bible, Shakespeare and Homer to acquire the standards and continues with many titles of old and new books for children of all ages.

Experiments in Children's Books. M. G. Bonner.

Bookman, 65; Nov. '27, p. 330.

Brief reviews of twenty-three children's books (not selective).

A Glimpse at Christmas Books. Clarissa Murdoch.

Elementary English Review, 4; Nov. '27, p. 272-3.

Reviews of new books of the current Christmas season.

Light Princess. George Macdonald.

Harper's Magazine; Sept. '27.

Follows table of contents.

Little Children's Books: Outstanding Publications of 1927. I. M. Rider.

Elementary English Review, 4; Dec. '27, p. 291-4.

A good selection of little children's books

for the year 1927, giving publisher and price, with a review of each.

Nature Books for Boys and Girls. Marian Cutter.

Review of Reviews, 76; Aug. '27, p. 218-9.

An article which suggests titles of books and stories of nature, stars, the earth, horses and dogs to be read by the child on a summer vacation, when there is plenty of time to assimilate what has been read.

New Books for Boys and Girls. M. G. Bonner.

St. Nicholas, 55; Nov. '27, p. 32-5.

An unusual bibliography of all types of books for boys and girls of the 'teen age with a critical review of each.

New Books for Older Children. Wilhelmina Harper.

Libraries, 32; Oct. '27, p. 452-6.

Grouping her selection according to their value in teaching worthy ideals, cultivating an appreciation of the beautiful, and encouraging the desire to read good literature, the author reviews the new books for older children.

New Books for Sunny and Rainy Days. M. L. Becker.

American Girl, 10; July '27, p. 40-1.

This well known literary critic selects and reviews five books for girls of the 'teen age.

New Delights in Books. Clarissa Murdoch.

Elementary English Review, 4; Sept. '27, p. 198-200.

Reviews of eight recent books suitable for children above the fourth grade.

New Pages for Young Eyes. Henry Beston.

Independent, 119; Nov. 19, '27, p. 494-497, 512-513.

In this survey of the publishers' autumn list of juvenile books the author finds in many the spirit of the "machine age" and the tendency of authors of both adult and children's books to write about actual life and experience.

Now We Are Six. A. A. Milne. In *Among the New Books.* Harry Hansen.

Harper's Magazine, 156; Nov. '27.

Follows table of contents.

Old Christmas Magic. M. L. Becker.

Outlook, 147; Dec. 28, '27, p. 536, 539-541.

Although the glamour of the old Christmas spirit has given way to a purely commercial Christmas, the holiday books should contain something of the old time spirit. Many books for the holiday season suitable for boys and girls are suggested.

Reading Toward World Friendliness. I. M. Rider.

Elementary English Review, 5; April '28, p. 143-157.

Discussion of "geographical stories" for children as a means of inculcating an international point of view, and historical stories suggested to develop the same attitude. Lists of books of each type listed and commented on. *Readings*. Walter de la Mare.

American Mercury; Aug. '27, p. xlv.

Brief note in check list of new books.

Recent Books of Poetry for Children. Elizabeth Knapp.

Elementary English Review, 5; April '28, p. 119-121.

An article concerning fifteen books of poetry, giving something of importance about each book, and stating why they will appeal to the child reader.

Recent Fiction for Boys. Helen Martin.

Elementary English Review, 5; Feb. '28, p. 36-40, 63.

An interesting article in which five books of fiction, which appeared in 1927, are reviewed. The writer shows the value of the particular titles, and gives a very full study and criticism of each.

Recent Fiction for Girls. R. W. Weeden.

Elementary English Review, 5; Jan. '28, p. 8-10.

Sixteen books which may be given to the girl of teen age who is graduating from fairyland to the world of reality.

Recent Guide Posts for Juvenile Literature. C. E. Scott.

Elementary English Review, 5; Sept. '28, p. 193-194.

A discussion of recent books which have proved very helpful to librarians in selecting books for boys and girls.

Reminiscent Literature. Clarissa Murdoch.

Elementary English Review, 5; Sept. '28, p. 205-207.

Reviews of a few of the best recent books in which the authors have written of their own childhood.

Vote on Best Books of 1926 for Children.

Childhood Education, 4; Dec. '27, p. 209-210.

A tabulation of the votes of fifteen children's librarians of the best books published for children in 1926 for the children's shelves of small public libraries.

What Books Shall My Small Child Read? R. Hourwich.

Nation, 125; Nov. 16, '27, p. 546-548.

Shall the child be left to steer his own course through the maze of existing books, or shall there be frank adult guidance? Suggested

books for children's reading also included.

CHILDREN'S BOOK WEEK

Book Review.

Childhood Education; Nov. '27, p. 155-156.

Reviews of books that could be used for Children's Book Week.

Pageant of Books for Children's Book Week.

Helen Martin.

Elementary English Review, 4; Oct. '27, p. 236-238.

Outline of how Children's Book Week was celebrated in one community.

JOHN NEWBERY MEDAL

The John Newbery Prize Book.

Journal of the N. E. A., 16; Oct. '27, p. 217.

A comment on the Newbery prize book, "Smoky," by Will James; about the life of the author, his deep interest in horses, and his ability for drawing. List of former recipients of the John Newbery medal included.

PUBLICATIONS DEVOTED TO BOOK REVIEWS

The Horn Book. Bertha Mahony, ed.

Bookshop for Boys and Girls, Boston

A distinctive, well informed quarterly "devoted to children's books, and the writers and illustrators of them."

The Three Owls Page. Anne Carroll Moore, ed. New York Herald Tribune "Books."

A weekly discussion of new books for children, by the editor, Supervisor of Work with Children, New York Public Library, or other well known authorities, which are of inestimable value for their authenticity, timeliness and charm.

LISTS OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

Child's Own Library. C. E. Scott and Elizabeth Ohr.

Journal of N. E. A., 16; Nov. '27, p. 261-2.

A distinctive annotated list of old and new favorites for younger and older children to be given to parents who want to know what to buy for their children for Christmas.

An Elementary School Library for \$500.00.

Journal of the N. E. A., 17; June '28, p. 187-9.

Selected list of books for the average elementary school library, prepared by children's and school librarians of training and experience.

Interesting People: A Reading List for boys and Girls.

Journal of the N. E. A., 16; Dec. '27, p. 299-300.

An annotated list of biographies, and biographical sketches of interesting men and women for boys and girls.

(Continued on page 117)

EDITORIALS

Renovate the Old Reading Lists

THERE WAS never a time when teachers of English could be as discriminating in the choice of books for elementary school children as they can be today. This is true for three reasons: first, a wider assortment of books for children is published today than ever before; second, the reading interests of children are better known today because of the scientific studies that have been made of the reading preferences and interests of young people; and third, a larger number of teachers and children's librarians are making available to readers of educational journals expert observations and experience in the literature classroom and in the library reading room.

The beginning of each new school term should be marked, therefore, by a weeding out of undesirable literary selections from the course of study, and the addition of new selections. The course of study which does not keep within at least one year of the best of the new books that are appearing from publishing houses is obsolete and a reading hazard for the children.

The Elementary English Review, for the past five years, has been serving as a clearing house of information on children's reading. The Review this month is devoted exclusively to articles prepared by expert workers in the field of children's books. Among the contributors are persons representing several phases of the problem: the artistic illustration of

books, the editing and publishing of books, the management and administration of the reading room for children in the public library, and the distribution and sale of children's literature. An inspection of the articles will reveal the tremendous value of the material to persons responsible for the choice of reading selections for grade school children.

The Review has made a point of publishing each month papers prepared by experts on children's literature for two years. Furthermore, both the scientific findings of investigators and the practical wisdom of classroom teachers and librarians have been given strong emphasis in The Review. These papers will be found indexed in the December numbers, 1924, 1925, 1926, 1927 and 1928, under such headings as Children's Literature, Children's Literature—Preferences In, Book Reviews, Winnetka Graded Book List, Classroom Projects and Methods, Book Week, and others.

On pages 112-115 of this number is a bibliography of articles published in recent periodicals.

With this equipment, including issues of The Review since January, the course of study maker should be in a position to bring his material for children's reading up to date.

The editor of The Review expects to publish in September a course of study in reading and literature, renovated as has been suggested in this editorial.